

Society and Officialdom Announcing Dates Well Into December.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14.

SLOWLY, as society returns to town, the season is getting under way. People are making their winter plans, and announcing dates pretty well up into December, and in spite of the fact that home grown officialdom is more or less constantly on the go, being interested in and greatly in demand for the different State campaigns, and that the diplomatic set has not yet very thoroughly settled in winter quarters, there is quite enough doing to keep one fairly busy. The week just past has been really quite active—in a quiet way. There have been no big or brilliant private parties—but there have been plenty of small ones—the getting together of three or four at luncheon, or ten or a dozen at a quiet little dinner, at which summer experiences are recounted and winter plans made.

The annual conference of the American Red Cross has been in session, and that always brings a number of important people from all over the country, and this year has brought quite a few from overseas, because the American Red Cross has been of necessity very busy relieving the sufferings of Europe. There is always one big reception during this annual meeting, at which the diplomats and American officials are equally in evidence; and there is always a good deal of private entertaining for the delegates to the conference.

Then about the time the Red Cross conference was ending the American Child Hygiene Association, of which Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, is the retiring president, and Dr. Livingston Farrand, former director of the American Red Cross and now president of Cornell University, is the newly elected head, was beginning its conference. And that meant another group of delegates and a little more entertaining, sedate but enjoyable, with Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor at the head of the entertainment committee.

Both the Red Cross and the Child Hygiene conference brought any number of people here whom Washington has loved long since and lost awhile, and whom it was delighted to welcome if only for a few days.

Probably there was no delegate who was welcomed more warmly than Mrs. Henry W. Farman, Jr., of New Haven, formerly Miss Suzanne Silvercruys of Belgium. You probably remember her, for she was rather a conspicuous little person during the year or so after the armistice, when there was an outpouring of sympathy for the sufferers of the Belgians while their country was overrun by the German hordes. She had done splendid work in Belgium during all that terrible time and had received the cross of the Order of Leopold from King Albert, and Queen

Elizabeth's own order as well. Her brother was attached to the Belgian Legation—as it then was—and Miss Silvercruys, here with him, was one of the popular younger members of the diplomatic corps and had a rather wide acquaintance in the eastern tier of cities. Every one was delighted when her engagement to Henry W. Farman, Jr., of New Haven, a young American, who had played his part during the war, was announced. But she must go home to Belgium and be married from her own home among her own people. He must come over there and claim his bride. So it happened that way. They were married in Belgium six or eight months ago and are now happily established in New Haven. But Mrs. Farman is still enough a Belgian for her own country to delegate her as its representative at the conference of the American Child Hygiene Association, and Washington was delighted to see her once more.

Goes to New Orleans.

The Belgian Embassy staff entertained for her, and some of her American friends entertained for her, and altogether she probably realized that Washington does not forget so easily as people sometimes think. Miss Silvercruys, or rather Mrs. Farman, was to go down to New Orleans when she left here, again as her country's representative, to the meeting of the American Legion, or more specifically to the conference of the woman's auxiliary of the Legion which was in session at the same time as the Legion.

There was a visit this week of the party representing the Sulgrave Institution, which has been traveling around the country, before coming to Washington to accomplish what was one object of its visit to the United States, the presentation to the American people of a bust of Lord Bryce which was unveiled at the Capitol on Thursday morning, and a statue of Edmund Burke which was placed in the little triangular park at Massachusetts avenue and Eleventh street and was unveiled on Thursday afternoon.

The Sulgrave Institution is a British organization, which takes its name from Sulgrave Manor, the home in England of the Washington family; and one of whose chief objects is the promotion of friendly relations, and the emphasizing of the consanguinity of America and Great Britain. Naturally the party was received here most cordially, and was a good deal entertained both by American officialdom, and by the British Embassy staff, from the Ambassador and Lady Geddes, who gave a luncheon in their honor on Thursday.

There has been some farewell entertaining in honor of J. E. Lefevre, who has been secretary and Charge d'Affaires of the Legation of Panama here, almost as long as Panama has existed as a separate nation, and maintained a legation here. That, after all, is not so very long, for Panama, as a separate country wasn't born of the administration of the one and only T. R. Lefevre, as I think I have already told you, has been promoted, and transferred. He is to be his country's minister to, well, a sort of minister at large to a good part of South America. I'm not quite clear how much, except that his field of operations includes "the American countries," Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, and I believe has realized it really has been hard to realize

Belgian Delegate



Mrs. Henry W. Farman, Jr., formerly an American.

that Mr. Lefevre was going to be taken away from Washington. He has been here so long, and is so very much one of us. He has lived most of his life in the United States—his brother, at least one of his brothers is Edwin Lefevre, who although born in Colon, is counted as an American story writer; though another brother is high up in the councils of Panama, and served as President of Panama, at that time Minister of Panama to the United States, was elected and went down to assume the Presidency, leaving Joseph Lefevre in charge here, and relieving another Lefevre brother who was in charge down there.

But his successor, Mr. Alfaro arrived a month or two back, and he and his wife are comfortably settled here now; and Mr. Lefevre has stayed on to welcome his sister, Miss Ramona Lefevre, who had been spending the summer abroad, back to Washington, and all his colleagues have given him farewells

parties, and he in his turn has given some farewell parties, and I believe he actually did get off to-day. At least last thing I heard, he was planning to sail to-day for Panama, where he will spend a few weeks before proceeding to his new post.

Two of the nicest parties given for Mr. Lefevre during the last week have been one which a number of his Latin American diplomatic colleagues gave for him last Saturday night at the Madison—dinner where the entire menu was made up of dishes particularly favored in the Spanish American countries.

Early in the week Dr. Alfaro, his successor—or rather the new Minister of Panama—gave a big luncheon for him, a really brilliant diplomatic company with the Spanish Ambassador as the ranking guest, and the Under Secretary of State included in the party, and Admiral Rousseau and Robert Lansing each entertained for him. So that on the whole "our" Lefevre was everybody in Washington knows and likes, was sent off in a blaze of glory. His sister, Miss Ramona Lefevre, will remain in Washington for the present, she and their mother holding down his apartment at 2400 Sixteenth street.

For Dr. Grouitch.

Also there has been quite a little farewell entertaining for the Serbian Minister, Dr. Grouitch. Dr. Grouitch is known to have been very busy getting matters wound up before turning the legation over to Dr. Pavichich, who called at the White House, accompanied by members of his staff, and presented his credentials to President Harding. As for Mrs. Grouitch, who is American born and as popular in her way as Mr. Lefevre is in his, she has been at Clark's, W. Va., where her family used to live in the old days when she was Mabel Dunlop, attending and addressing the State conference of the West Virginia D. A. R. She got back yesterday just in time to keep her engagement with society at large. For she had announced that she would be at home informally, Friday afternoon in October, Friday being generally regarded as "diplomatic day" to give her friends an opportunity to make their farewells.

Mrs. Grouitch was well known, not merely in Washington, but in many other cities of the United States, long before her husband came over here as Minister. Quite a while before the world war broke out she had been here seeking help for her starving, suffering Serbians. For many years they had been the unhappy victims of more or less chronic "trouble in the Balkans." With any regard to the rights of the more or less continual border wars which kept that part of the world always upset, there could be no doubt of the terrible suffering they involved. And Mrs. Grouitch came over several times and toured the country, telling of conditions and asking her countrymen to help. She is now planning to stay on for a month or so after Dr. Grouitch leaves—as he expects to about the end of this month—and to visit the cities where in recent years her Serbian relief work has been well organized and stir it up to "carrying on" without her. She has made friends for herself and for her people pretty well all over the country and in Washington, which has, of course, been her headquarters for the last three years. She has been entirely ready to help her countrymen in any philanthropic

which others proposed to her, so that people here were as a matter of course, ready to be interested in the Serbian relief to which she devoted so much of her time and thought and energy.

She was, for instance, enthusiastically interested in the lovely autumn fête given at the end of last week for the Woman's Welfare Association out at Pembroke Park, the Alfred Pembroke Thoms' lovely place on Pierce Mill road. That was the first general rally of Washington's social forces for the season of 1922-23, and was altogether enchanting and successful, because the weather, which had been clear and dry so long that it didn't seem as if it could possibly hold out any longer, actually held for the party, and broke all to pieces immediately afterward.

That came too late for me to tell you about it last week, and it was such a delightful affair that I don't want to pass it over altogether. Pembroke Park is the Pembroke Thoms place out on Pierce Mill road, near the Bureau of Standards. It isn't such a very big place, but it is big enough, and it has lovely lawns and fine trees and shrubbery—enough to make an autumn fête for an out of doors fête if the weather is propitious. And they must have had the weather man subsidized. Everything was quite perfect, even to the blizzards of silvered October moon, and a balmy air not to be counted on at this season.

The Woman's Welfare Association used to be known as the Woman's Clinic, and I seem to remember that it was one of Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes's pet philanthropies when she was living in Washington as the wife of Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court. I am not sure whether she is still so much interested in it, and I do not recall that she was mentioned in connection with the fête at Pembroke Park, though both Mrs. Hubert Work and Mrs. Henry C. Wallace were interested and were in the group of hostesses either in the afternoon or evening. There were all sorts of booths—all the usual attractions of such a fête—and a few more—but bridge seemed to be really the most popular of the afternoon's diversions. There was a light supper served—with "hot dogs" as the place de resistance—for those who wanted to remain over until the evening. And in the evening there was dancing in the ballroom indoors, with good, zippy music, and gypsy fortune tellers and pretty girls in picturesque costumes selling candy and flowers and cigarettes. Mrs. Minnegarde Andrews was there cutting a number of lovely arles, and Sidney Clarke, a pianist of brilliant attainment, played the score. The company of perhaps sixty was selected from those who particularly enjoy good music. I noticed Mr. de Lagerberg, charge d'affaires of the Swedish legation there, and Major and Mrs. George Oakley Totten, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bates Warren, Gen. and Mrs. Amos Fries—or, no, come to think of it, I only saw Mrs. Fries, and was told that Gen. Fries, who is at the head of the chemical warfare service of the army, was out of town on service business. Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell Carroll were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Mark Reid Yates, Major and Mrs. Bamberger, Mr. and Mrs.

There was plenty going on every minute, and the surroundings were lovely. But the high light of the evening, the feature for which everybody seemed to be waiting, was the presentation of Mrs. Edouard Albion's ballet, "The Pipes of Pan," by Paul Tchermakoff and Elizabeth Gardiner, assisted by a chorus of peasants and nymphs. It was given in a lovely woodland amphitheater, with giant trees for a back drop, and the stage silvered by moonlight. It presented in pantomime a pretty tale of Pan bringing youth and happiness to an aged musician, and was artistic in conception and delightful in execution—by common consent the feature of an uncommonly successful evening.

"Daama" Presented.

To Mrs. Albion, or rather to Mr. and Mrs. Edouard Albion, belongs credit for quite the nicest party of this week also. It happened last night, Friday, a sort of private view or preliminary hearing of Cadman's beautiful Indian opera, "Daama," the first really worth while American opera, with Francis La Flesche, on whose story, based on a legend of his tribe (Mr. La Flesche is a full blooded American Indian), the libretto is founded, there to read the book, with several well known artists rendering the arias. I don't myself know an awful lot about music but I enjoyed it immensely, and people whose opinions on matters musical I listen to with the greatest respect, were the most enthusiastic. They seem to think the Cadman music is quite wonderful. And I enjoyed greatly meeting Mr. La Flesche—I'm told he's a widely known writer on Indian subjects and is in Washington at present helping the Bureau of Ethnology collect Indian folklore—and hearing him tell the legend upon which the opera is founded. Before that, a young singer with a delightful tenor voice; a Mrs. Mansfield, who has a wonderfully sweet flexible soprano, shared rendering a number of lovely arles, and Sidney Clarke, a pianist of brilliant attainment, played the score. The company of perhaps sixty was selected from those who particularly enjoy good music. I noticed Mr. de Lagerberg, charge d'affaires of the Swedish legation there, and Major and Mrs. George Oakley Totten, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bates Warren, Gen. and Mrs. Amos Fries—or, no, come to think of it, I only saw Mrs. Fries, and was told that Gen. Fries, who is at the head of the chemical warfare service of the army, was out of town on service business. Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell Carroll were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Mark Reid Yates, Major and Mrs. Bamberger, Mr. and Mrs.

Louis N. Geldert and Major and Mrs. Charles Trowbridge Tittman and a lot more, some of them people of musical achievement and others who are usually to be found where there is promise of musical entertainment.

It was a rare treat and all the more interesting from the reports that have been circulating that if Mr. and Mrs. Edouard Albion have their way—and they generally do in Washington—they will produce "Daama" in the course of the winter and the Washington Opera Company will add the distinction of having given the first production to this real American opera to its notable achievements in past seasons. The Albions are giving unstintingly of their time, energy and enthusiasm to provide Washington what every capital of Europe has, a national opera company and to give young American singers and American composers a chance for their white albatross, which in times but recently past they have had to go abroad to get. Any one who has watched them for the last few years is bound to admire their spirit and their stick-at-it-iveness and to be enthused by their enthusiasm. Their party last night, while given primarily for their own friends, a circle which includes a good many American officials as well as a numerous representation from the diplomatic corps, was really a red letter occasion.

Secretary and Mrs. Hughes had their daughter, Mrs. Chauncey Lockhart Wadsworth, with them for a few days last week, and this week have been preparing to move down from Graystone to their town house on Eighteenth street, not very much of a move, perhaps, but any

move is more or less trying. The actual removal was, I believe, accomplished to-day. At any rate that was the plan, and the Erwins who have taken Graystone for the winter will move in within a week or ten days.

Though only recently back from one South American trip the Secretary of State is already looking forward to another. He hopes to go down to the annual—I don't remember just which annual it is—Pan-American congress at Santiago next March, and being forehanded if he's anything, Secretary Hughes is already planning his work so that department business will not suffer in his absence.

Dr. Work Busy.

The Postmaster-General, Dr. Work, having organized the Post Office Department for team work, and arranged a series of State conferences, seems to be flying off to one after another of these. Last week he went up to New York to attend a State conference of postal employees at Syracuse; this past week it was a Pennsylvania conference that engaged his attention. Before that he went up into New England for one or two weeks. Mrs. Work has not been going with him. Generally he is away only a couple of days at a time, and she is more comfortable staying quietly at Wardman Park, where they have an apartment. Just now she is happy in a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Albert Bissell, of Chicago, who arrived Tuesday to spend two or three weeks. Mrs. Work had a small tea for her almost immediately after her arrival. There are so

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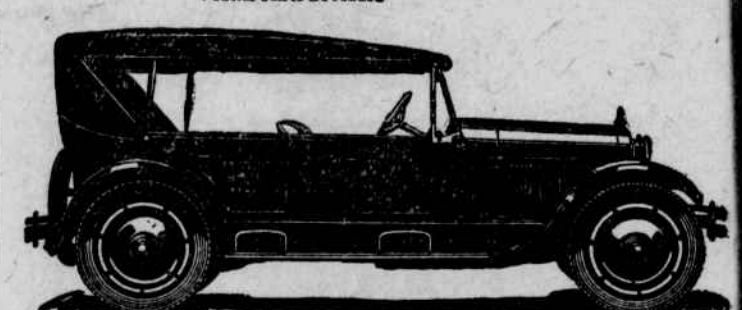
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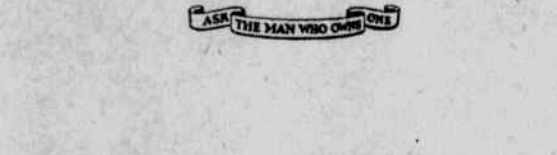
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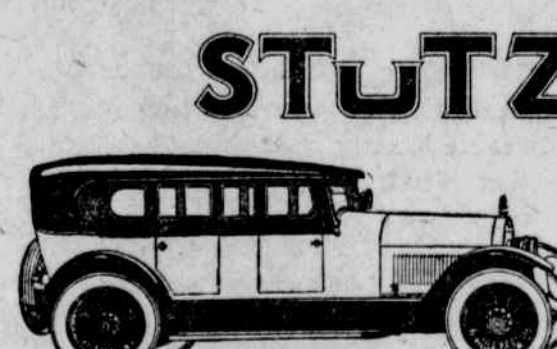
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